



Whimbly



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Chapter 1 by LabTale

Cory was the only one who wasn't used to Whimbly. Cory had been to other neighborhoods, and he knew Whimbly was different.

Whimbly had a reputation in the city as an eccentric place. Whimbly's houses were a collection of bright colors and the neighborhood had a larger-than-average collection of wind chimes, mobiles, pinwheels, and windmills. Cory would hear residents talking about Whimbly in the city sometimes, but their tones were always casual.

Cory had friends in other parts of town. Their neighborhoods were rows of similar-looking houses with similar-looking cars in similar-looking driveways. Similar-looking dogs bounded out of the front door when similar-looking dads went to check the mail. Whimbly had a fountain of a duck wearing a suit. This was odd because it was a duck wearing a suit, but was also not unexpected because that very duck lived a couple streets over. The fountain was in the middle of a roundabout, which Cory didn't think was up to code. At the same time, he was sure there were adults in the city who's entire job was to check into things like that, so he tried not to think about it.

Cory had lived in Whimbly with his family his entire life. Cory's parents were internationally renowned woodworkers and would send him colorful colls and letters. Rarely they would send him a crate co

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received a crate that only had another crate inside. His parents had found a box made out of a new species of wood and were apparently quite excited about it.

Whimbly didn't offend Cory, but he did find most things about it curious. The fruits and vegetables growing there that he never saw in any of the stores in the city. The duck-in-the-suit fountain. The house with the 100-foot pipe coming out of the roof. The girl who would stand outside his house and stare at his window every Tuesday for exactly 12 minutes.

Cory often wondered why Whimbly was so different than the surrounding neighborhoods, and why that didn't seem to matter to anyone. Even his plain white t-shirts and plain shorts stuck out compared to the more eccentric clothing options of the Whimbly residents. Yes, Cory adored Whimbly, but he also found it quite strange.

Chapter 2 by LabTale



It was a sunny spring morning when Whimbly's postman Mr. Peppersmith skipped up the sidewalk. "Wouldn't it be marvelous if post office workers delivered sandwiches," he chimed in an undulating tone. He placed an unwrapped pastrami sandwich on the post at the front of the garden.

"Please...please just do your job," Cory said flatly. Mr. Peppersmith only winked at him and placed a tiny toothpick with a green olive in the top of the pastrami sandwich.

"Sandwiches, saaaandwiches," Mr. Peppersmith sang as he skipped away, with bits of lettuce and condiments spilling out of his mail satchel.

"We haven't gotten any mail in two months!" Cory hollered. "I'm waiting for a very important letter."

He was fairly certain he could hit Mr. Peppersmith with a rock from this distance. Would he even get in trouble? Would he be arrested? Would the judge send him to jail? The judge recently made someone craft 100 balloon animals for Whimbly's Jolly Holyjolly festival. That hardly

seemed like a punishment, but then Cory wasn't sure putting yellow suspenders on someone's pet kangaroo was much of a crime. See more of Story Wars

Whimbly was really getting

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